

Boll Weevil

(version 1)

Words & Music:
Traditional American

D
The Boll Weevil is a little black bug, from Mexico they say
G
Come all the way to Texas just a-lookin' for a place to stay.

CHORUS:

A7 D
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.
A7 D
Just a-lookin' for a home, just a-lookin' for a home.

The Farmer said to the Boll Weevil, "I see you on the Square."
"Yes, sir", said the Boll Weevil, "My whole damn family's there."

CHORUS:

The Farmer said to the Merchant, "I want some meat and meal."
"Get outta here, you Son of a Gun, got Boll Weevil in yo' field."

CHORUS:

The Farmer said to the Finance Man, "I'd like to make out a note."
"Go to hell, you rascal you, gotta Boll Weevil on yo' coat."

CHORUS:

Farmer said to the Banker, "I'd like to cash this check."
"Get outta here you Clodhopper, gotta Boll Weevil down yo' neck."

CHORUS:

Boll Weevil said to the Farmer, "I'll swing right on yo gate,
When I git through with yo cotton, you'll sell that Cadillac Eight!"

CHORUS:

Boll Weevil said to the Doctor, "Better put away your pills,
When I git through with the Farmer, cain't pay no Doctor bills!"

CHORUS:

Boll Weevil said to the Preacher, "Better close up them church doors!
When I git through with the Farmer, cain't pay no Preacher no more!"

CHORUS:

Boll Weevil said to the Business Man, "Boy, drink that cool lemonade.
When I git through with you, boy, gonna drag you outta that shade!"

CHORUS:

Boll Weevil in yo' field, boy, it's just like shooting dice,
Work the whole damn year round, but the cotton won't bring no price.

CHORUS:

The Boll Weevil knocked on my front door, he said, "I've come to eat,
I'm gonna starve you plum to death and get the shoes right off yo' feet."